

The Sutherlands Journal

Words are Power.

October 611 Edition

TERRIBLE BELLTOWER OF TIKSYLVAN TOPPLED

A BLOW WAS STRUCK AGAINST UNDEAD FORCES ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH WHEN A GROUP OF HEROES, MOST SPORTING KINGDOM PURPLE AND GOLD, REMOVED THE HAUNTED BELLTOWER OF TIKSYLVAN. RUMOR OF THEIR SUCCESS, ALONG WITH SIGHTINGS OF A UNICORN ASSISTING THE HEROES, IS SPREADING RAPIDLY FROM THE LA ROCHELLE CITY.

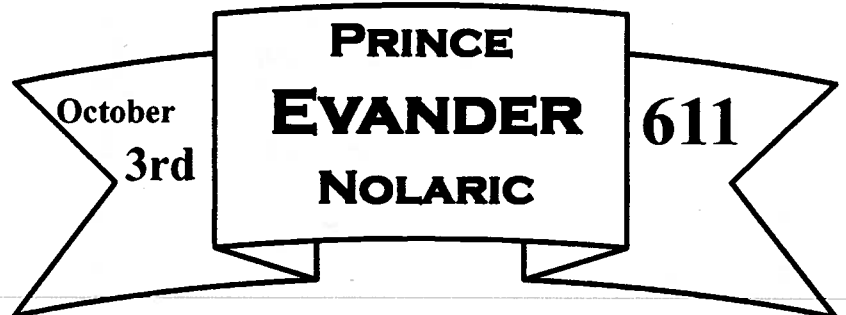
IN THE WEEKS PRIOR, LOCAL CRAFTSMEN WERE RECRUITED AND DIRECTED BY A BLOOD GUARD TO CONSTRUCT A WALL AROUND THE HAUNTED TOWER- SAID TO ONCE HAVE BEEN THE ROOST OF THE QUIET DRACOLYCH HERSELF. IT WAS NOT A JOB FOR THE FAINT OF HEART, AS IT IS REPORTED THAT MANY COMMONERS LOST THEIR LIVES TO WHATEVER UNDEAD FORCES WERE WITHIN AND AROUND THE TOWER.

UPON THE HEROES' ARRIVAL, THE AREA WAS EVACUATED AND THE LOCAL MILITIA WAS INSTRUCTED TO CREATE A PERIMETER. THE HEROES WENT THROUGH THE GATES, AND SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, THE TOP OF THE TOWER WAS SEEN FALLING BEHIND THE WALL.



THEY WERE ONE MAN SHORT UPON THEIR EXITING, AN ELF- SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE HIGH DRUID OF ORBONNE, WAS MISSING FROM THEIR GROUP- AS WAS THE TOWER IN ITS ENTIRETY. IN PLACE OF THE TOWER, THERE IS NOW A SMALL CIRCUMFERENCE OF TREES, GRASS, A POND, AND EVEN SMALL WILDLIFE.

DESPITE THE SUCCESS, COMMONERS CONTINUE TO FOLLOW THE PRACTICE OF GOING INTO THEIR HOMES AND LOCKING THEIR DOORS BEFORE SUNDOWN. TAVERN TALK IS THAT THERE IS HOPE THAT THE HEROES WILL BE ABLE TO USE THEIR POWERFUL MAGICS TO SAVE US FROM THE DREADED ALL HALLOWS- THOUGH SKEPTICS COMMENT ON THE AMOUNT OF TIME THAT IT TOOK THEM TO RID US OF ONE HAUNTED BELLTOWER.



THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FIRSTBORN SON OF OUR SOVEREIGNS, KING DEVRON NOLARIC AND QUEEN ZEPHANIE, IS POSTED IN EVERY TAVERN FROM ABSINTHIUM TO VIDALIS. HE WAS BORN THE FIRST MONDAY IN THE MONTH OF ALL HALLOWS, AND IS THE HEIR TO THE SUTHERLANDS AND ORBONNE.

WE WONDER WHERE HE WAS BORN, ON SUTHERLANDS OR ORBINNIAN SOIL? WE CAN ALSO CAN ONLY SPECULATE AS TO WHERE HER HIGHNESS AND HIS MAJESTY WILL BE KEEPING THE BABY SAFE FROM THE UNDEAD HORRORS TO COME IN DAYS TO COME. WHICH LANDS WILL BE MORE OF A THREAT TO THE SAFETY OF THE NEW PRINCE, THE ONE WITH THE WAR OR THE ONE WITH THE GRAVEYARD? WE CAN ONLY HOPE AND TRUST THAT THE POWERFUL AND AMAZING MAGICS THAT THE LEADERS OF THE SUTHERLANDS POSSESS WILL PROTECT PRINCE EVANDER- AS WELL AS THE SUTHERLANDS CITIZENS.

IN A LIGHTER NOTE, DESPITE THE FEARFUL TIMES AHEAD, THE POPULACE IS EAGER TO CONGRATULATE THEIR MAJESTIES WITH CHEERS AND GOOD WISHES. FOR NOW, WE MUST SIMPLY RAISE OUR GLASSES AS WE LOCK OUR DOORS- LONG LIVE KING DEVRON, LONG LIVE QUEEN ZEPHANIE, AND LONG LIVE PRINCE EVANDER!

GUILDMASTER KAL'ERAS COWARD OR SPECTATOR?

AGAIN OUR FAIR GUILDMASTER COMES THROUGH AN EPIC BATTLE UNSCATHED. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU BUT I THINK ITS TIME THE GUILDMASTER OF OUR MAGES GUILD GETS OVER HIS FEAR OF DEATH. MAYBE AFTER I KILL HIM 10 OR 12 TIMES HE WILL BECOME THE GUILDMASTER WE NEED.

~~KAL'ERAS YOU'RE A FINE MERCHANT BUT A LOUSY MAGE. WE "NEED" A GUILDMASTER WHO SUPPORTS THE REST OF US WITH THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITIES, INCLUDING YOUR COMBAT ABILITIES, INSTEAD OF JUST SPECTATING. YES THAT MEANS FIGHTING AND DYING LIKE THE REST OF US AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF OUR KING.~~

ELSE I WILL BE FORCED TO SEEK AN AUDIENCE WITH HIS MAJESTY. POINTING OUT THAT A COWARD ONLY CONCERNED WITH COIN SITS AS HIS GUILDMASTER AND MAYHAP IT IS TIME FOR A REPLACEMENT.

IM SURE EVERYONE EXPECTED ANOTHER ANONYMOUS SIGNATURE? NOT THIS TIME . . .

RESPECTFULLY,

MORGRIM THAONIN

So there we were.

What were we doing there? I can't tell you how many times I've asked myself that question. Quoting platitudes and quips of loyalty and honor, of duty, anything to keep myself from turning back on what could only be a death-seekers quest.

We had thrown the gauntlet at Colmillo the vampire lord, thrown it right at the foot of the Throne of Man. And he was sneering at us, not even deigning to acknowledge our challenge. Grasping undead servants and chilling wraiths had welcomed us with the embrace of the damned, had beckoned us to lay down arms or to take them up in the cause of their master. Shadows of Colmillo flitted through the splendorous ruin we were wading through; from my right I would hear the thunder-strike of a sword glancing off a pitifully raised shield that buckled under the strain of the great swing. When I turned back from the sound, a circle of our finest warriors were facing their own as another mocking visage called their broken bodies to rise. And from the throne, the booming voice that quivered in our bones, turned our bodies against us, forced us to kneel. To obey.

Why am I here? My mind screams against the idea that I am committing a treasonous, heinous act merely by approaching these halls unbidden. No, it has nothing to do with loyalty. Not to the vampire. Not to anyone, not even my king. I can say this to myself, no-one else, for even speaking such a thought could bring death,

banishment, or worse. He is my king and she the queen... though I have never seen her. She bears the unborn child who will be my liege in days to come, assuming I have more days after this one. If it were for them and them alone, I would not be here. I must admit this in my heart of hearts, because it helps me to remember when the voice compels my obeisance. That while I bow to many, I consider no man my ruler. That while I bow, I always get up.

And so I get up again. Many moments of pain come and go, many times when the healers have sealed my skin when the undead have rent it open. And there comes a moment I am ripped, screaming from the shining banner, into the midst of a grand hall. Moments pass filled with screams and blood, with pain and fear and basest survival before I can comprehend that I have died. I have died in this battle, and yet the battle goes on. I have given my life. Now more has been required of me.

There is the throne, before me at the head of the hall. It is a few yards away, and it is an eternity from me. The Throne of Man calls out with an insistence that I give myself to the last of my spirit and beyond to the one who rules. But I am ruled by no-one, not man or dragon, vampire or ancient. And so when I am called again to bow, I bow as I always have. And when I rise up defiant, I am not alone.

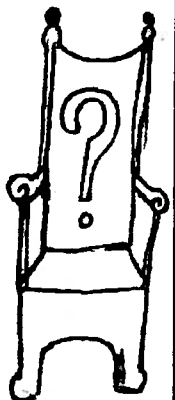
I am here to answer the call because my friends have come, my enemies, my victims and my heroes. I am here by my own will to protect and defend the world I know and to destroy those

who would change it against my will. That is the only power I will bow to in the end; MY WILL.

Life force burns out around me, the staff and banner behind me are constantly flashing. We are throwing our very essence at this creature in defiant rage, and for all his apparent ennui I can see the Throne becoming less comfortable. Weariness and pain have battered me until nothing else remains, even after the queen's blessing washes over me and fills me with energy again. Soon, now. It must be soon, or never.

And like sunrise at midnight, the vampire falls. The sudden cessation is a deafening silence. When the cheers go up they are weak, and feeble. I can't help but think that one day our king will call us and the sound of the silent betrayed will be his only answer. But that bleak thought fades into relief. Another day will dawn soon, and as the procession marches in to reseal the queen I try not to think about that lovely line of men in their armor, with their banners. Where were they while we bled? Why were WE sent? But my friends, comrades, lovers and victims are around me now. And the men in their shining armor are thanking us for our service, praising us briefly for bowing to yet another who sits on the Throne.

So here we are. And it is time for me to bow again.



Exclusive! Interview with Baron Morgrim of Darkholme by Corky Q.

C: "We respectfully ask that you tell us a little bit about yourself so as to orient our readers."

Baron Morgrim: "That was rather vague...I would assume that more than a little about me is public knowledge... can we narrow that down a bit?"

C: "What would you say that you want the citizens that will read the Journal to know? Perhaps, for example, what do you expect them to know about your past? What brought you to become a Baron of the Sutherlands?"

Baron Morgrim: "By the grace of the King is how I became a Baron of the Sutherlands m'lady. As to my political past if that is what you speak of, I was the founder and first ruling Baron of the lands of Sudbyr; Continuing in service to the Duke Armond, I was then promoted to Count. Thanonin County resided over Sudbyr, La Rochelle and Rossanoe. I was betrayed by power hungry maggot treasonous Barons a year into that, however, and was "over thrown" and attempted to be obliterated. A pact they made with the aid of Sulfur the dragon who had just been released to over throw myself and destroy Akeem, that which protected this entire region for many long years. I stood alone against the might of Sulfur to honor my word of protecting Sudbyr, her people and the Sutherlands guardian Akeem. I have no memory of that, of course, for as history tells us Sulfur in his fury laid waste to my armies and myself, and I was not seen for a few years after. But when I did return I found that Duke Armond had been obliterated and his Seneschal Lord Devron Nolaric was named Prince of these lands by the peoples of the Sutherlands.

C: "Is that the point where His Majesty declared you Baron of Darkholme?"

Baron Morgrim: "Ay m'lady indeed not for those lands had not yet been named. Turns out in my absence the people of my former County were outraged at my Barons' betrayal. And thus my return was welcome news to them and many rose up in support of me. The newly named Prince, I have been told, had but a few choices . . . one was to exile me from his lands, obliterate me as my former Barons failed to do, or welcome me. In his wisdom he must have seen something within me worth saving for he offered me lands just outside his Kingdom and a Title of Lord Ambassador of those lands. Lands that are now called Darkholme. My people followed me there and named its capitol city appropriately wouldn't you say? . . . Everhate. And since that day I have had the honor of serving him as first Lord Ambassador and once he brought Darkholme within the Kingdom itself as its Baron.

C: "The colors of Darkholme, did you choose them, and what to they signify- if I may ask?"

Baron Morgrim: "Those colors I first made when I became Baron of Sudbyr, carried them with me as Count and thus when I swore my Knightly oath to Lord Timothy as his Dark Knight and Lord Ambassador of Darkholme he was gracious enough to allow me to once again wear them and restore the honor they once had in these lands."

C: "What virtues or standards make Darkholme stand out from the other Baronies?"

Baron Morgrim: "Stand out? I can not say. Darkholme stands for its loyalty to its leaders and his Majesty and shall never falter in that. All ways of life are welcome here and none are persecuted for moral beliefs. It is said Darkholme is your best Ally but fear it if it becomes your enemy."

C: "What can you tell us about the Prison in Lobrah? Is there a 'Carpathian Situation' in Darkholme?"

Baron Morgrim: "Carpathian Situation? 50 thousand were sent from my shores on Isles ships, the ones remaining I had not already killed are in the crypts and halls of torture in Everhate. The Prison in Lobrah, thanks to a good many of your readers, was cleared of Carpathian scum and other creatures recently and since has remained silent."

C: "If I may, how do those numerous Carpathians relate to or affect the War in Orbonne?"

Baron Morgrim: "That remains to be seen. Those Carpathians sent from Darkholme were the spineless citizens, not the military as per say."

C: "What can or would you speak on concerning the future of the war efforts? What should our readers know?"

Baron Morgrim: "Timely question indeed. Keep ever vigilant for even now traitorous bags of flesh reside far too close to our Queen. And we can never let our guard down."

C: "That's quite troubling, especially concerning Her Majesty and the New Prince. What can you tell us about their current situation?"

Baron Morgrim: "Two things . . . the troubling part is of course something I can not speak of here, but trust that the Kings Blood Guard are aware of the situation. As to her Majesty and New Prince? I have not had the joy of being honored with an audience to see them, but this I can share for the King said it himself: Our efforts with the war in Orbonne and thusly returning our Queen to her lands has "restored the faith" he has in us. And that, M'lady is something I never thought I would live to witness."

C: "Despite this joyous news, what of the impending threat of the undead dragon- What measures are our leaders and heroes planning to protect us?"

Baron Morgrim: "I can not speak of that since she has many spies among us. But of course everything that can be done is being done. We have many allies that are standing with us in this matter and shall be coming forward in the next few days offering wisdom and aid."

C: "What other general advice can you offer to our readers, and is there anything more you'd like to say?"

Baron Morgrim: "Yes . . . 'Remember even the youngest among us can change the fate of all.'"

'A life lived that mattered is not of circumstance, but of choice.' Long Live our King and Queen."



THE STREET SCHOLAR

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE STREET SCHOLAR IS A COLUMN WRITTEN FROM A YOUNG SCHOLAR'S VIEW. THE SUTHERLANDS JOURNAL IN NO WAY SUPPORTS, CONDONES, OR ENDORSES THE VIEWS, OPINIONS OR STATEMENTS CONTAINED WITHIN THIS COLUMN (OR ANYTHING ELSE FOR THAT MATTER)

I AM WRITING THIS WITH REGARDS OF THE GATHERING OF BARONS DURING THE MONTH OF SEPT. 611.

I ARRIVED AT THE GATHERING SEVERAL HOURS AFTER DARK. HOWEVER, THE STRANGEST PART OF MY TRAVEL WAS THE FACT THAT MY TRAVEL WAS UNEVENTFUL. NO HIGHWAY MEN OR GOBLIN-KIN WAITING TO WAYLAY ME FOR MY SMALL AMOUNT OF COIN. NO MOVEMENT IN THE UNDERBRUSH OR WITHIN THE BRANCHES OF THE TREETOPS. NO WANDERING GYPSIES ASKING FOR COIN IN EXCHANGE FOR A SONG. UPON ARRIVING WITHIN CLANTHIA PROPER I REALIZED WHY. DISTRUSTFUL GLANCES MEET ME FROM EVERY CLANTHIAN. DISCONTENT AND THE TALK OF DEATH, ANIMATION AND THE NECROMANCER MENACE WERE WHISPERED IN EVERY CORNER OF THE CITY. TALK OF THE COWARDLY DWARVES, THE RAIDING DRAKES AND THE STREET FIGHTING THAT TOOK PLACE DURING AUG 611 WERE OPENLY BEING DISCUSSED. THE GENERAL RUMOR WAS THE STREET FIGHTING OCCURRED WHEN SOMEONE DROPPED A GOLD COIN AND EVERYONE LAID

CLAIM TO IT. TALK OF THE CRUEL PUNISHMENT THAT WOULD BE VISITED UPON CLANTHIAN FROM THE WRATH OF THE WARDEN POLTERGEIST AND THE JINN THAT WERE DISPOSED OF AFTER THE KING'S CALLING WERE MENTIONED. THE ANXIETY AND DESPERATION OF THE POPULACE WAS QUENCHED AFTER THE KNOWLEDGE OF A DRAGON POSSESSING AN ARTIFACT WAS REVEALED AND RECOVERED. GOOD SPIRITS RETURNED TO THE CITIZENRY AND CELEBRATIONS BEGAN. WARRIORS, TEMPLARS, ROGUES AND SCHOLARS ALIKE EVEN JOKED AND LOOKED FORWARD TO THE ARRIVAL OF WANDERING MONSTERS THAT PLAGUE OUR LAND SO THAT THEY COULD BE DISPOSED OF. THE MIDDLE NIGHT OF THE GATHERING CHANGED EVERYONE'S SPIRITS AGAIN. THE BRAVE CITIZENS AND NOBLES THAT DEFEATED THE EVIL OF THAT NIGHT WERE SWORN TO SECRECY AND THE EVENTS SHALL NOT BE REVEALED HERE. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE HARDEST, BRAVEST AND MOST LOYAL CREATURES UPON TYRAA — ARE CLANTHIAN OF EVERY RACE AND CREED THAT THE KINGDOM ACCEPTS.

“NOBLE ORDER: CHARGE!”

THE NOBLE DOESN'T CHARGE.

“NOBLE ORDER: KILL IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN!”

THE NOBLE HOLDS BACK.

“NOBLE ORDER: DON'T LOOT.”

THE NOBLE LOOTS.

“NOBLE ORDER: LEAVE WHILE I TALK ABOUT THIS IMPORTANT STUFF.”

THE NOBLE DISCUSSES IMPORTANT, NEED TO KNOW, MISSION CRITICAL PARAMETERS.

“NOBLE ORDER: DON'T DO THAT STUFF OVER THERE, WE NEED IT FOR IMPORTANT STUFF I DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT.”

THE NOBLE THEN DOES SOMETHING WITHOUT CONSULTING ANYONE.

“NOBLE ORDER: GET OVER HERE AND FIX THIS IMPORTANT STUFF.”

THE NOBLE WATCHES IRRITATINGLY, AND PETS HIS NEW COOL LOOT.

“NOBLE ORDER: LEAVE AGAIN, AND NEVER SPEAK OF THIS.”

THE NOBLE IS REWARDED FOR THERE EFFORTS BY OTHER, HIGHER NOBLES.

“NOBLE ORDER: BE MORE LIKE ME, YOU FILTHY SWINE.”

AND YOU WONDER WHY PEOPLE TURN ON THERE NOBLES?

THINK LONG AND HARD. THE SUTHERLANDS CANNOT AFFORD LEADERSHIP SUCH AS THIS.

MANY WOULD TAKE FINAL DEATH FOR THESE LANDS, ITS KING, QUEEN, AND SON.

WOULD YOU?

LONG LIVE KING DEVRON!

LONG LIVE QUEEN ZEPHANIE!

LONG LIVE PRINCE EVANDER!

THE ABOVE WAS SUBMITTED ANONYMOUSLY.

THE JOURNAL ACCEPTS OTHER FORMS OF CONTRIBUTION AS WELL, FROM LETTERS, POEMS, COMICS, ADVERTISEMENTS, WANDERING HEARTS SUBMISSIONS AND MORE. IF YOU CAN GET IT ON PAPER, WE CAN PROBABLY PUBLISH IT.*

DROP YOUR SUBMISSIONS OFF TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE ANY TIME, DAY OR NIGHT!

Wandering Hearts

Putting the Rom in Romance

by **Bandolier Lamia Sbaity**



Gypsy Woman,

I have been engaged to someone for quite some time now. I'd like to have our ceremony at home, but his friends in the Celestial's guild can't breathe down there. I should also mention that we've been putting it off because my father arranged the whole thing. Your expert advice is appreciated.

Dear, Sink or Swim,

You should always follow your heart. If you want to marry, don't just put it off because it was your father's idea. But if you don't, I personally recommend making your choice clear by parading around your entourage of impassioned suitors. Now, if you do want to marry, you could always elope and still have an engagement party in order to receive all the lovely gifts the Celestial Guild has to offer. Though if a big wedding is what you want, destination weddings are all the rage at the moment. For your guests, you could buy them race change components so they can attend, or perhaps snorkels if you're on a budget.

My boyfriend can get very critical about my appearance. It's easy for him, he's been wearing the exact same tabbard every day for years, but I'm always worried I won't pick the right outfit, or that he'll say more hurtful things about how I look if I cut my hair or get an attunement or something. The one time he saw me wearing glasses, he said I had to stay away from him, even though my friends told me glasses gave me that sexy librarian look that all the adventurer boys go wild for. How can I keep him happy without sacrificing my sense of style?

-A cabin full of clothes and nothing to wear.

Oh, goodlo tikni! This is one of the saddest tragedies I have ever heard! If he doesn't appreciate your style, there are certainly men out there that know how to treat a sexy librarian.

But if your heart is set on this one, perhaps you could show him just how much fun fashion can be. Maybe whisper into his ear in public, "Come back to the cabin if you don't like this outfit. Maybe we could try something... different."

Regardless of what you do, you should never let anyone tear you down for the way you look, especially your boyfriend.

If you have any questions regarding your style, feel free to drop by and see us at the Dancing Gypsy Cafe anytime.

Dear Lamia,

As a single woman, I know that it's expected of me to find a man that I can keep around for fighting and dirty work and Feast Dates and the like before I'm too old to catch their attention. Though I have no real interest in the whole 'love' game, I do find myself drawn to a particular man who seems to be very "eligible", rather stylish, and not terrible to look at. I've been attempting to catch his attention (being not hideous myself) but he seems to have no interest in women. How is one to know if his disinterest is due to his, ah, preferences, or his simply being overworked? Should I try harder? Is it really worth it? Linger in the threshold, Closets or Castles?

Closets or Castles,

Your situation is one I have heard of before and I know how it can get you blue. My advice to you is to take the direct approach. In times like these there can be a lot on an adventurer's mind beyond the opposite (or same) sex. If this man is something you want, take a chance and go after him. Take the wheel and steer before that ship sails without you.

Dear Lamia,

I see why pretending that they are dead would be convenient, but that won't work in my situation. Time? Time is not important, only the present and what you can do with it is important. Thanks for your responses anyway. -L.O.

Dear L.O.

I understand that it is not always easy to ignore people in your life, but as long as you do not let them string you along, you can unwrap any present you wish to have.

Baxtalo to you

"This is a poem just for you. Sometimes it's better to share with a little anonymity

Beautiful woman with the vine-like hair,
And bright brown eyes with the twilight stare,
I'm writing you a poem to show I care,
But please hold til the end; you must be fair.

This poem is about how I think you look -
Every bit between your head and your blackened foot.
From the top of the hair to the toe-clung soot,
This poem is about how I detest your look.

I detest your smile when it shows at me
When you bear your teeth, all full of glee.
I detest your scent when it likes to blow
On the wind and up to my nose.

I detest your curves 'cause they're never straight
And how when I see them, my eyes dilate.
It hurts my eyes when they go irate
Like nothing else could I collate.

It's not just a little, but every bit
And every part, I must admit
Yes, every part about you I do detest
If by detest I mean like the best.

Anonymous"

ALL OF THESE RUMORS ARE COMPLETELY TRUE*

*RESULTS MAY VARY.

SOMEONE IN DARKHOLME HAS BEEN FEEDING FALSE INFORMATION TO BARON MORGRIM

THE CELESTIAL GUILD MASTER ORION IS SOON TO BEGIN SELLING SOUP.

WHAT'S A "COOKING LAB"? A CERTAIN FEMALE TAVERN-GOER MIGHT KNOW...

HARGO THE DWARF WILL BE HOSTING A PARTY IN HIS CABIN SATURDAY NIGHT OF THE ALL HALLOWS GATHER! BE THERE OR BE SQUARE!

THE GYPSY CAFÉ ACTUALLY DOESN'T WATER DOWN THE DRINKS THEY SPIKE THE TASTY MEAT PIE!

WASHERWOMEN WERE CHASED OFF BY A GOAT THAT GOT INTO FRANGRANCED LYE, IT WAS A VERY CLEAN GOAT THOUGH. LUCIUS SUMMERSTORM WITNESSED THE SOAPY GOAT.



IS THE BROTHERHOOD OR THE ARMORSMITH GUILD HUNTING HARGO?

LAMIA WANTS TO FEED NADYA A TASTY MEAT PIE.

BARON MORGRIM WAS WITNESSED THROWING HIS LAST DISOBEDIENT CARPATHIAN SLAVES INTO A FIRE BUILT USING THE BONES OF THEIR FORMER SENATORS.

THE GUILD OF EXCELLENT GOBLIN ENGINEERS HAS REPORTEDLY BEEN LOOKING FOR A MISPLACED "WOOD MAWK DAVER"...

IT IS CLEAR FROM LADY NNO'S PURCHASE OF LAMIA FOR DASHUS THAT SHE ONLY SHOPS "TOP-SHELF" FOR HER FRIENDS. HOWEVER, TO CONTINUE THE METAPHOR, DASHUS'S SUBSEQUENT ABSENCE EXHIBITS HIS INABILITY TO HOLD HIS "LIQUOR".

SAHDE IS HARBORING CARPATHIAN REFUGEES.

(CONT)...IF YOU SEE SOMETHING NEAT, AND YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW WHAT IT IS... THAT'S PROBABLY IT

TOWN GOT GYPED ON AN ALMOST CAT FIGHT ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE HEALER'S GUILD LAST GATHER.

A MONSTER OF FIRE AND SHADOW STALKS THE SUTHERLANDS, LOOKING FOR A PARTICULAR OLD MAN...

LORD SESSITH OF THE ROSSANOE BARONY HAS NAMED HIS NIGHTMARE STEED MOIRA.

COMMONFOLK ARE DISAPPEARING. ARE THEY BEING EATEN BY THE WERE-WOLVES OR STARVING CARPATHIANS?

SULSERIG OF DARKHOLME HAS BEEN SEEN EATING LARGE AMOUNTS OF CHEESE AND LURKING THE SEWERS OF CLANTHIA PROPER AT NIGHT.

WHEN THE GRAVEYARD OPENS, WHERE WILL SHE GO FIRST? BETS ARE ON THE ISLES D'HONIG...

A WHITE DEER WAS SPOTTED BY HUNTERS IN THE WOODS. THEY TRIED TO SHOOT IT BUT IT DISAPPEARED BEFORE THEIR EYES. THE ORIGINATOR OF THE RUMOR IS UNKNOWN.

THE WHITE ROGUE, WHO HAS NOT BEEN SEEN IN MONTHS, WAS SIGHTED JUST SOUTH OF SNAKE CANYON. RUMOR HAS IT THE FIGURE IS A GHOST BEING CALLED HOME TO IT'S MASTER.

IS THE COLLEGE IN SUDBYR SCHOOLING PEOPLE, REFUSING TO SCHOOL PEOPLE, OR ARE THE GUARDS THERE JUST BUSY GETTING SCHOOLED?

IT HAS BECOME COMMON PRACTICE IN CLANTHIA TO BLAME ONE'S PROBLEMS ON A SPECIFIC INDIVIDUAL. WHEN ASKED THEIR OPINION ON THE MATTER, THEY SIMPLY STATED, "NO ONE BELIEVES ME ANYWAYS, SO YEAH I GUESS I DID IT, WHATEVER!"

HOLLY THE CHEF OF THE ARMORSMITH'S GUILD WAS SEEN LAST GATHER ARGUING WITH A NEWCOMER OVER WHO WOULD BRING THE BAKED GOODS. SHE WAS LATER SEEN WALKING AWAY WITH HIS DECAPITATED HEAD SAYING "THERE COULD ONLY BE ONE..."

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN REBUILDING THEIR HOMES IN TIKSYLVAN REPORT SEEING CHILDREN PLAYING OUTSIDE AT NIGHT, IN THE DARK... SOME SAY THEY ARE LOOKING FOR A LOST TOY OF SOME SORT.

WOLF HIDES ARE GOING FOR PREMIUM PRICES IN LOBRAH, THE PRICING IS SUBSIDIZED BY THE BARONY OF DARKHOLME. THE HIDES OF WOLVES WHO TURN INTO MEN AND WILD ELVES WHEN THEY DIE ARE ALSO ACCEPTED.

LADY ZADA OF LA ROCHELLE SPORTS A NEW TAN, AND A GREATLY DIMINISHED APPE-TITE FOR SEA ELF.



THE NECROMANCER'S GUILD HAVE POSSESSION OF THE GOLDEN ELF.

A GREATER VAMPIRE FOUGHT WITH THE CITIZENS OF CLANTHIA IN THE BATTLE AT ORBONNE.

ARR EEE HAS ASKED LADY ZADA TO FEAST. PERHAPS THE FORMER DRUID HAS MORE THAN ONE KIND OF LOVE FOR FURRY THINGS AFTER ALL?

THE BARONY OF ROSSANOE HAS COMPLETED ITS CONSTRUCTION OF A SECRET RESURRECTION CIRCLE.

TO ALL NEW-TO-TOWN ADVENTURERS:

AS ALL HALLOWS DRAWS CLOSER, AND THE HORDES OF UNDEATH DESCEND UPON CLANTHIA, WE MUST NOT FORGET THAT OTHER DANGERS AND FOES REMAIN. THESE FOES WELCOME THE DIVERSION THE UNDEAD PROVIDE TO CONTINUE THEIR PLOTS UNIMPEDED, AS THE HEROES OF CLANTHIA PREPARE THEMSELVES AGAINST THE THREAT OF THE GRAVEYARD. THE TIME TO STRIKE AT ONE OF THESE FOES IS NOW!

THOSE WHO HAVE ENCOUNTERED THIS "REINHOLDT" BEFORE KNOW SHE IS A VILLAIN—NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO DEFEAT HER! I BESECH YOU, PLEASE END HER EVIL NOW, WHILE THE CHANCE IS UPON US! WHILE THE CITY OF CLANTHIA MUST REMAIN DEFENDED, THOSE WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES NEWCOMERS TO TOWN MAY REST ASSURED THAT THE HEROES OF CLANTHIA SHALL DO SO, AND YOU MAY LEND ME YOUR AID WITHOUT FEAR. IF WE SUCCEED, I SHALL GIVE TO YOU THE ENTIRETY OF MY PERSONAL EFFECTS AND COIN, THAT YOU MIGHT USE THEM TO EMPOWER YOURSELVES AND THE TOWN UPON YOUR RETURN.

I SHALL SEND A MESSENGER FRIDAY AT ONE O'CLOCK TO GATHER THOSE WITH THE STRENGTH AND WHEREWITHAL TO AID ME. I WELCOME ANYONE'S AID, WHETHER YOU'VE JUST ARRIVED IN TOWN, OR HAVE DEALT WITH THIS MESS FROM THE BEGINNING, OR IF ALL YOU WANT IS TO BE PAID TO FIGHT. THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED THIS VILLAIN BEFORE, SEEK OUT DUNCAN OF THE ARMORSMITH'S GUILD, OR VIR OF ROSSANOE. THEY KNOW EVERYTHING THAT HAS OCCURRED TO THIS POINT.

BE PREPARED—SHE WON'T SURRENDER WITHOUT A FIGHT!

